

Old Gaffer Gingerbread.



Tom Trip to his Companions.

*Old Gingerbread, with Wisdom sound,
Sells useful Knowledge by the Pound,
And feeds the little Folks who're good,
At once with Learning and with Food.
What say you Friends--- Shall we go buy?
Ans. Aye!-- Who's first then, you or I.
And away they ran for a Book.*

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H I S T O R Y

O F

Giles Gingerbread:

A

Little Boy who lived upon Learning.

C 133. a B

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. NEWBERRY, in St. Paul's
Church-yard, 1766.

[Price One Penny.]

The PREFACE.

THE Reader perhaps may be so unreasonable as to expect an Account of the Birth, Parentage, and Country of our Hero. If he does, I can assure him he will be disappointed. These are Circumstances which he has no Right to be informed of; for a good Man may be born any how, and any where; of any Parents, and in any Country.

Whether you, gentle Reader, were born at my native Place *Waltham*, where the Frogs sing like Nightingales, or at any other Place, you may be as wise and as honest as I am.

If a Man is a good Man, and an honest Man, it is no Matter where he was born; and if those who have lately made such a Noise about Country and Party had been Scholars to *Gaffer Gingerbread*, he would have knocked their Heads together for being such Boobies.

Why should the People quarrel any more because they are divided by the *Tweed*, than that they are divided by the *Thames*?

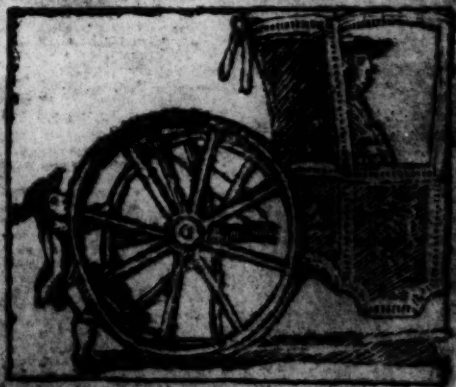
The BOOKSELLER.



C H A P I.

An Adventure of Little Giles Gingerbread.

ONE Day as *Gaffer Gingerbread* was coming from Work, he saw little *Giles*, who was as ragged as a Colt, getting up behind Sir *Toby Thompson's* Coach;



upon which he called to him: Here.
Come hither to me! I see, says the

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you want to get up the Coach, but you are climbing at the wrong Place, *Giles*; you should endeavour to get in at the Door. Ay Father, says the Boy, but that Place is not for poor Folks. Not for poor Folks, replied the Father, yes, but it is. A poor Man, or a poor Boy may get a Coach, if he will endeavour to deserve it. Merit and Industry may entitle a Man to any thing. Why Sir *Toby* was poor once, ay, as poor as thee, *Giles*. Don't be disheartened Boy, only when you climb, climb in a proper Manner, and at the right Place; and I will tell you how Sir *Toby* managed it. But see the Pig is got out of the Sty,



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put him in first, and then I will tell you.

Giles ran as fast as he could to put in the Pig; for he had learned *to do as he was bid*, or he would never have made either a good Boy or a great Man. There is no doing any Good for Boys and Girls who are obstinate, and will not take Advice, and do as they are bid. No no! such Children never make great Men and Women; but are always neglected and despised.

C H A P. II.

An Episode; shewing, *How Sir Toby Thompson became a great Man, and obtained so much Money, and such a fine Coach.*

GILES came back puffing and blowing, now Father tell me, now Father tell me, says he, how I may get such a fine Coach as Sir *Toby's*. Ay, says the Father, that I will, *Giles*. I will tell you how Sir *Toby* got his, and if you behave in the same Manner that Sir *Toby* did, you may

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also, and take up your poor Father to ride with you when he is grown old and weary.

Sir *Toby Thompson* was the Son of *Goody Thompson*, and lived at this little Hut upon the Green.



His Mother was a poor Widow, and had three Children. *Toby* was the eldest, and as she was obliged to go out every Day to Washing, Scouring, and such Sort of Work, she left little *Toby* at home to the care of his Brother and Sister, and in about as you may see.

It

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It happened one Day that Goody *Thompson* had no Victuals to leave the Children, and they were all crying at the Time when Mr. *Goodwill*, a rich *London* Tradesman, who had a House in this Country, was going by. Bless me, says Mrs. *Goodwill*, who was with her Husband, what is the Matter with these poor Children, and, stepping up to the little one, what do you cry for, says she? I am hungry, answered the Child; and I want some Bread, cried the other. And what do you cry for, says Mr. *Goodwill* to *Toby*? Because I have no Bread to give my Brother and Sister, says the Boy. This is a hard Case, says Mrs. *Goodwill*; I go

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poor Children, let us take them home with us and feed them. Ay, with all my Heart, says Mr. *Goodwill*. It is a sad Thing to want Bread. I pity both the Children and the Mother; and I like the biggest Boy much; for he that could forget his own Wants, and cry for those of his Brother and Sister, must have a good Heart. So, for all they were fine Folks, Mr. *Goodwill* took up one Child, and Mrs. *Goodwill* the other, and carried them on, leaving little *Toby* to trot by as you see.



When the Children had a Belly-full they no
 longer cried; but went to play till the
 Even-

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Evening, when their Mother came crying for them, and told Mr. and Mrs. *Goodwill* her Case.



Mr. *Goodwill* gave her Money, and allowed her so much a Week, towards the Maintenance of her and the Children, and took little *Toby* and sent him to School; where he behaved very well, and soon learned to read and to write. After some time Mr. *Goodwill* took him home to his House in *London*, to run of Errands, and do any other Business for the Servants and Clerks in his Shop and Counting-house.

Now it happened, that tho' Mr. *Goodwill*

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a very honest, charitable and good Man, yet he was not altogether so wise or prudent, as one would expect a Man to be who lived in *London* and knew the World; for he was very fond of Horses, continually went to *Barnet*, *Epsom*, and other Races, and kept two Race Horses himself, which ran away with half the Profits of his Trade.



These are pretty Creatures indeed, but they are not fit for a Tradesman. They were kept at great Expence, turned his Thoughts from Business, and led him into Schemes of Betting and Gaming, which were scan-
dalous. At the Time that he was so taken
up

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up with his Horses, he had the Misfortune to have a Servant in his House who was not honest; which *Toby* discovered, and wrote to his Master about it, but in a disguised Hand, and without putting any Name to the Letter. Enquiry was made, and Money and Goods were missing. Upon which all the Servants were examined except *Toby*; and as he was a Boy, and thought incapable of defending himself, the Thief laid the Robbery on him. Mr. *Goodwill*, without that Consideration which is necessary on these Occasions, ordered him immediately to pack up his Things, and go about his Business. Yes, Sir, says *Toby* crying, but first hear me. I know that you have been defrauded, Sir, and I thought it my Duty, as you was my Master, to inform you of it. I wrote you a Letter, Sir, in a feigned Hand, and without a Name, when you was at *Newmarket*; but at the Corner of the Letter you will find a private Mark, by which you may know it to be mine; and I should not have done this, had I been guilty of the Robbery. No, Sir, you have been a Father to me, and I have been

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just and honest to you; but this Man has not (pointing to the Thief) for I saw him take Goods privately out of the Warehouse and carry them to the Pawn-Brokers. The Master was astonished! He looked at the Letter, found the Mark, and saw the Boy was innocent, and then searching the Pawn-Brokers, the Goods were found.

Toby knew that it was his Duty not only to be honest himself, but, if possible, to make others so, and you will presently see how God Almighty blessed him for it, and how he was rewarded for his Fidelity.

After this Mr. *Goodwill* placed great Confidence in *Toby*, and his Affairs so prospered, that he became very rich. He then took in *Toby* as a Partner with him, and at his Death left him the whole Trade, and a large Sum of Money, which is still increasing; and from being a little ragged Boy and living in that Hut, he now rides in this fine Coach. Think of this my Dear *Giles*, and learn your Book, and say your Prayers, and go to Church, and be honest and good and industrious, that you may get a Coach also.

CHAP.

GILES GINGERBREAD.

C H A P III.

How Little Giles first acquired his Learning.

AS soon as *Gaffer Gingerbread* had finished this Story of *Sir Toby* and his Coach, little *Giles* ran up to his Father, and begged that he would give him a Book and teach him to read, that he might become a great Man as well as *Sir Toby Thompson*.

Gaffer Gingerbread, who was a pretty good Scholar, pulled a Book out of his Pocket, and sitting down under a Tree



with *Giles* in his Lap, now, says he, if you

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will be a good Boy and mind what I say, you may soon learn to read. You must know, *Giles*, that all the Words in the World are spelt, or made up, of these twenty four Marks or Letters, pulling out of his Pocket an Alphabet cut in Pieces, which he had made of Gingerbread, for he was by trade a Gingerbread Baker, which he placed in this Manner.

a b c d e f g h i k l m
n o p q r s t u w x y z

All the Words in the World, says *Giles*, laughing; yes, Sirrah, says the Father, what do you laugh at? I say all the Words in the World; all the Words that you and all the People in the World can think on, may be spelt with these Letters differently placed. Then let me see you spell *Top*, says *Giles*. So you shall, says the Father. See here is a T, and an o, and a p, -- and these placed thus together make *Top*. Ay, that is a little Word, says *Giles*, but you cannot spell *Plumb-Pudding*. Why yes I can, says the Father, see here is a P, and an l, and a u, and an m, and a b, which

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which placed thus make *Plumb*; and *h* is another P, and a u, and a d, and another d, and an i, and an n, and a g, which when placed thus make *Pudding*, and these two Words put together make *Plumb-Pudding*.

Let me spell, Father, says *Giles*, and taking the Gingerbread Letters in his Hand, what shall I spell, says he? Why the Name of any Thing you see, quoth the Father. Then I'll spell *Goose*, says the Boy; so saying, he took up a G, and a u, and an f, and an e, and placed them thus *Guse*. You Blockhead, is that your Manner of Spelling, says the Father, who would certainly have been angry, but at this Instant Farmer *Milton's* Hog made at the Geese and Goslings that were before him. Run *Giles*, run, says the Father, and away he flew to save the Goslings, which he did with the Assistance of a Gander, that laid hold of the Hog's Ear to keep him off.



See what Affection all Creatures have for their Young, and what Care they take of them. What will not a Father and Mother do to preserve their Children; and Children ought to do the same for their Parents, but there are naughty Children who do not consider this, tho' God Almighty has promised long Life to those who do. *Honour thy Father and thy Mother, that thy Days may be long in the Land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

Giles

Giles came back crying (see here he is)



and told his Father that the Goose hissed and laughed at him. Ay, that is because you cannot read, answered the Father. Come hither *Giles*, says he, you must learn to know all the Letters, and the Sound they have alone, and when joined to others, before you can spell and read. In the Word you attempted to spell, you have taken an f instead of an s, and a u instead of oo, for want of knowing the Letters and their Sounds. Here take up this A and look at him well; you see he is very different

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from all the rest. Upon this *Giles* took up the Letter and then read, A, A, A, says he, Ay, Mr. A, I shall know you again, Apple for that---B, B, B, you are not at all like A, Mr. B; I should be a Blockhead if I did not know you---C, C, C, I shall know you Mr. C indeed, and so will every Boy that loves Custard---D, D, D, Drum and Dumpling will make me know you Mr. D---E, E, E, Eggs and Eel Pye forever---F, F, F, Fine Folks and Furmitty for you, Mr. F---G, G, G, Gingerbread and Gooseberry-fool, will always make me love you, Mr. G---H, H, H, Hog's-puddings and hot Cockles for ever---I, I, I, *Jack Jones* the Inkle-weaver will put me in mind of you, Mr. I--K, K, K, come Mr. K, you shall help me to make a Kite---L, L, L, my little Lamb and my little Lark will help me to remember you Mr. L---M, M, M, Money for you Mr. M, when I can get it, and when I fool it away, you shall call me Monkey---N, N, N, Nuts and Nonpareils for ever---O, O, O, Oranges one a Penny, two a Penny Oranges----P, P, P, such the Punnet-shew, huzza---Q, Q, Q, you

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you stand for a Quail, Mr. Q, and I shall
always think on you, when I see a Quail
Fellow---R, R, R, you are a Raven, Mr.
R, and a Rat-catcher, and a rum Duke---
S, S, S, stands for Swan and for Swede,
and for a silly Boy that can't read--T, T, T,
oh Mr. T, I shall know you by my Top
and my Trumpet, and Trap-ball--U, U, U,
Unicorn for that.

The Lion and the Unicorn fighting for a
Crown,

The Lion beat the Unicorn all about the
Town.

W, W, W, a wise Man can never forget
you, Mr. W, when he has a wild Duck
for Dinner.---X, X, X, you look so cross,
Mr. X, that I can compare you to nothing,
but I shall know you again by your double
Face.---Y, Y, Y, you are like my yellow
Hammer, Mr. Y, young and silly, but
you may have more Wit when you grow in
Years.---

Z, Z, Z, Z is a Zany, and Zany's a Fool,
Who don't love his Book, or his Master, or
School.

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The Father finding that little *Giles* was inclined to be good, and to learn, made him a Book of Gingerbread, and here is a Print of it.

ab, eb, ib, ob, ub
ac, ec, ic, oc, uc
ad, ed, id, od, ud
af, ef, if, of, uf
ag, eg, ig, og, ug
ak, ek, ik, ok, uk
al, el, il, ol, ul
am, em, im, om, um
an, en, in, on, un
ap, ep, ip, op, up
ar, er, ir, or, ur
as, es, is, os, us
at, et, it, ot, ut
ax, ex, ix, ox, ux
az, ez, iz, oz, uz
ba, be, bi, bo, bu, by
ca, ce, ci, co, cu, cy
da, de, di, do, du, dy
fa, fe, fi, fo, fu, fy
ga, ge, gi, go, gu, gy
ka, ke, ki, ko, ku, ky
la, le, li, lo, lu, ly

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ma, me, mi, mo, mu, my
na, ne, ni, no, nu, ny
pa, pe, pi, po, pu, py
ra, re, ri, ro, ru, ry
sa, se, si, so, su, sy
ta, te, ti, to, tu, ty
va, ve, vi, vo, vu, vy
za, ze, zi, zo, zu, zy.

This is a nice Book indeed, Father, says *Giles*, and I like it the better because it is gilt, then to it he went, and learned as fast as he could. In the evening when *Gaffer Gingerbread* came home, he found that *Giles* had eat up one Corner of his Book, at which he was not well pleased. Hey day, *Giles*, says he, what do you love Learning so well as to eat up your Book? Why Father, says *Giles*, I am not the only Boy who has eat his Words. No Boy loves his Book better than I do, but I always learn it, before I eat it. Say you so, says the Father, pray let me hear you say your Lesson; Ay, Father, says *Giles*, you shall hear me sing it, so up he struck his voice b-e be, b-i i, and sung the words.

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Chorus, which the fly Rogue had got out of Mr. Newbery's pretty Play Thing. His Father, however, was wonderfully pleased to see the Boy so apt and ingenious; and therefore gave him another Book, on the learning of which, he told him, much of his Happiness would depend, and this was the Title.

How to be Happy and go to Heaven.

And this was the Book, at least these are the Lessons contained in it.

1 *Lesson.* Always rejoice at the Happiness of others, that you may be happy yourself; for he that is pleased at another Man's Prosperity, enjoys a Part of his good Fortune.

2 *Lesson.* Every Man is always as happy or as miserable as he thinks himself; therefore think yourself happy my dear Child, that you may be so.

3 *Lesson.* Love the Lord with all your Heart, with all your Soul, and with all your Strength, or you cannot love God half so well as he loves you.

4 *Lesson.* Love your Neighbour as well as yourself, that is, love him most heartily, as yourself, and to him, and promote

his Welfare, that he may promote yours.

5 Lesson. Love and pray for your Enemies, *Giles*, that your Enemies may become Friends, and love and pray for you.

6 Lesson. And my dear *Giles* say your Prayers Night and Morning, and go to Church constantly; and be honest and just in your Dealings; and be charitable and good to all People in Distress; and God Almighty will love you, and bless you, and you will be happy here, and go to Heaven hereafter.

His Father then gave him another Book of Lessons, and here they are.

The L I O N Lesson.



When you play with a Lion, you

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A Man who had bought a Lion for a Show, and put him into a Hutch, bid his Son come to him; *Tom*, says he, I charge you not to go near this Place, for if you do this Beast will kill you, so be a good Boy, *Tom*, and *do as I bid you*. Yes Pappa, says the Boy; but he did not do as he was bid, for as soon as his Father was gone, *Tom* went to the Hutch to see the Lion, and to play with him, when the Beast caught hold of him with his Paw, and chopt his Head off.

Now this little Boy might have been living and well if he had obeyed his Father, and done as he was bid. What a sad Thing it is to be obstinate and disobey our Parents?

The HORSE Lesson.



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*When you play with a Horse, take care of
his Heels.*

A Boy who was at School, ran to catch a Horse that was in the Field ; upon which one of his Friends, who was older and wiser than he, told him not to go near the Horse, for he would kick. - But *Sam* was above taking his Friend's Advice ; and the Horse, when he came within reach of his Heels, gave him such a Kick, that he was taken up for dead.

What a filly Boy was this not to take his Friend's Advice ? Had he observed what was said to him, and kept at a Distance, he would not have been mangled in this manner.

The BULL Lesson.



*When you play with a Bull, take Care of his
Horns.*

A wicked Boy, who used to tell Lies, lived at a Farm House where there was an unlucky Bull, that often ran at People who were going by. This the naughty Boy took Advantage of, and frequently called out *the Bull, the Bull, oh the Bull*; in order to make the Servants run to his Assistance, that he might then laugh at them. One Day the Bull really made at the Boy, and he called out for Help; but as he had told so many Lies before, the People did not believe him in Danger, and therefore never stirred to his Assistance, but left him to be tossed by the Bull till he was almost dead.

This is the Consequence of telling Lies. -- Nobody believes a Liar even when he tells the Truth, because they cannot tell when the Truth may happen; and therefore the Liars are never regarded.

GILES GINGERBREAD.
The DOG Lesson.



*When you play with a Dog, take Care of his
Teeth.*

A little Girl had a little Dog, which she was very fond of, but the Cur was surly, and often snapped at her Fingers. Yet Jockey was such a Favourite, that she would always have him at her Heels, and when she went out, called Jockey, Jockey, Jockey, to bear her Company. At last Jockey, who was never very tame, was mad; and bit poor Sally in such a manner, that she died.

*How dreadful is this! Dogs are
fearful useful Animals, and should be*

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garded; but every Dog should have his Place, and not lie in the Lap, but under the Table. Had the Dog been kept in his Place, little Sally had been alive and well.

Giles was fond of his Books, and his Father gave him new ones every Day, all of which he eat up; so that it may be truly said, *he lived upon Learning*. At last, Sir Toby heard what a good Boy he was, and calling one Day at Gaffer Gingerbread's, he took Giles up in his fine Coach, and carried him to London, since which we have heard nothing of him; but his Father says, that he is sure Giles will behave so well as to get a Coach of his own, and whenever he does, we shall certainly let our Readers know it. Farewell.

Giles was said, he lov'd Cream, Custard, and good Books so well, that he eat up his Words.

Little Giles Gingerbread



See here's little Giles,
With his Gingerbread Book,
For which he doth long,
And at which he doth look;
Till by lunging and looking
He gets it by Heart,
And then eats it up,
As we eat up a Tart.

TOM TACO.



